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"Truth and Justice."

[AT ONE DOLLAR IN ADVANCE]

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Number 45.

DO THEY MISS ME AT HOME?

Do they miss me at home—do they miss me?
"Would be an assurance most dear,
To know at this moment some loved one
Were saying, I wish he were here;
To feel that the group at the fireside,
Were thinking of me as I roam;
Oh, yes, 'twould be joy beyond measure,
To know that they miss me at home."

When the twilight approaches—the season,
That ever is sacred to song—
Does some one repeat my name over,
And sigh that I tarry so long?
And is there no chord in the music,
That's missed when my voice is away,
And a chord in each heart that awakes
Regret at my wearisome stay?

Do they set me a chair at the table,
When evening's home pleasures are high;
When the candles are lit in the parlor,
And the stars in the calm azure sky?
And when the 'good nights' are repeated,
And all lay down to their sleep,
Do they think of the absent, and wail me
A whispering 'good night' while they weep?

Do they miss me at home—do they miss me
At morning, at noon, and at night?
And lingers one gloomy shade 'round them,
That only my presence can light?
Are joys less invitingly welcome,
And pleasures less hale than before,
Because one is missed from the circle—
Because I am with them no more.

WE MISS THEE AT HOME.

We miss thee at home—we miss thee,
And oh, we wish thou were here,
To linger with us 'round the fireside,
And share in the evening's cheer,
To list to the voices of loved ones,
And wish that thou never wouldst roam.

Oh, yes, 'twould be joy beyond measure,
Dearest brother, if thou were at home.
We miss thee at home—we miss thee,
When pleasures of evening are high,
When the sun hath retired in splendor,
To his home in the Western sky.
And the moon is shining so brightly
On the family circle at home;
Oh, then it is that we miss thee,
And sigh that thou ever didst roam.

We miss thee at home—we miss thee
As we all kneel down to pray,
And tears will start from our eye-lids
To think that thou still art away,
If before life's journey is over,
And thy spirit has passed from the earth,
Wilt thou not meet with our circle,
And cheer our desolate hearth?

Oh, yes, when the spring-time cometh,
With the birds from a distant shore,
Then may we not hope to embrace thee,
At home in our arms once more,
To kneel with us in the church-yard,
By the side of that dear little tomb,
And mingle thy tears, dearest brother,
With those thou hast left here at home.

The Boston Courier learns from a gentleman who has just been through Illinois, and has letters and advices of latest dates from all parts of Illinois, Missouri, and Wisconsin, that there will be a full average in the North, and a little less in the South; but full crops in all parts where hogs are grown. The corn on the prairies looks remarkably well. The reports that have been in the papers about half crops of corn in the States referred to originated mostly with those who have hogs and corn to sell. It is satisfied that there will be 25 per cent more hogs packed in the three States above named than an average, and a large increase over last year. On the other hand, the St. Louis Democrat says:

Stock of all kinds is coming down in price. In Illinois, or in portions of it, hogs are given away, and in some places hundreds have been shot to keep them from starving. The price to be paid by packers has not been mentioned, but we presume \$3.50 to \$4 will be the opening rate. We are of opinion that corn-fatted hogs will not be plenty this season. Most, however, is said to be abundant, which will in some measure make up for the deficiency in corn.

The Springfield (Ill.) Journal has the following:

It is an extraordinary fact, that, though the dry character of the season has cut off the late crops there is a most astonishing amount. The oak trees are loaded with acorns, and some of them, we are told, will yield ten bushels. These acorns, we are informed by those who ought to know, for the purpose of fattening hogs, are nearly equal to corn; particularly in this case with the acorns from the white oak. Where our farmers live in the neighborhood of forests they will be able to make nearly their usual quantity of pork, especially if they have sufficient corn to feed their hogs a few weeks.

Most fed pork is not, however, in as high esteem as that which is corn fed; but a good deal of the former will be brought to market the coming fall.

A THRILLING TALE.

ETNA.

Among the wondrous sights on earth, the volcano of Etna will always hold a just pre-eminence. Renowned by past and present history, sublime by its elevation, its form, and the awful secrecy of unknown terrors that lie concealed within its bosom, the Sicilian volcano will always be viewed with the deepest, the most solemn awe.

It was with such feelings and with such thoughts as those I began to ascend the volcano on the morning of the fifth of May, 1849. I had left Catania on the day before, in order to visit this wonderful spot. I did not wish to glance carelessly upon it—no, for there was always something reverend, something almost divine, in connection with this great mass of upheaved lava, which led me to look earnestly at its rugged sides. I wished to ascend, to view from its summit the fairest regions on earth; to glance down into those unfathomable depths where fire, fire in all its terror, forever dwells, forever struggles!

It was with slow steps that I ascended the cone, after the patient and hardy ponies had been dismissed. I had been an invalid, and the fatigue of climbing up the steep and rocky declivity might well have daunted me. But, after many restings and haltings, I was able to attain the summit.

The summit! Good heavens! can I ever forget the delirium, the transport of joy, which the boundless prospect there awakened within me? Can I ever forget the glimpse which I first caught of all the glories and all the horrors of Nature, mingled together in such fearful union?

Far away on one side spread the fertile plains, the green meadows and the gentle valleys of Sicily. There were streams glancing and flashing in the sun, as they wandered to the sea, with ten thousand labyrinthine turnings; lakes whose glassy surface showed not a ripple, nor a ripple; there were terraces about the sides of a hundred hills, where vineyards were planted and where the trellised vines passed along all green, all blooming; there were groves of orange trees, amid the dark green foliage of which the golden oranges peeped forth like the flashes of phosphorescent light in a midnight sea; there were long avenues of cypresses, of acacias, of noble trees of many kinds, amid which kindly assemblages at times could be seen the noble summit of some stately palm, as it towered on high above the others.

And the sea—the wide, the boundless, the deep blue Mediterranean—there it spread away, on the other side, as far as eye could reach, as far as thoughts could run—glorious as

"The dashing,
Silver flashing,
Serges of San Salvador."

But turn aside—and there, beneath, far beneath, lies an abyss like that of which Milton has sung in sublimest mortal strains.

I paused upon the brink, and, shuddering, I gazed down—down! The thick and general volumes of tortuously ascending smoke came seething upward, as from a caldron. It escaped a myriad crevices in the rocky, precipitous sides; it poured forth from behind projections, and united with the vast mass which came sublimely upward from the unfathomable depths.

Here, upon the sandy, rocky lava, where sulphur, and crumbled lava, and pumice-stone, were all mingled together to form a horrid soil, here I sat and looked down. From the scenes beyond, from that glimpse of earth, which made it seem like heaven; from that vision of all that was most lively and all that was most overpowering; to turn and gaze into a volcano's awful depths—what a change!

Involved in a thousand thoughts I sat there, thinking myself alone, when a sudden grating struck my ear. I was startled exceedingly, and turned around. The place where I had been sitting was a peninsular projection of the cliff which formed part of this infernal chasm. Upon the narrow strip of land which joined it to the other cliffs upon the isthmus, I saw a mild looking, middle-aged gentleman approach me.

He was dressed in plain black clothes, and in his hand he held a light stick. "I beg your pardon, signor," said he, in a polite manner, and with great softness of tone, "I beg your pardon for intruding myself upon your company. But it is not often that I see any visitor so far up."

"My dear sir! I beg you will make no excuses," I replied. "I was just admiring this scene below."
"Ah! yes, it is a glorious sight."
"Glorious! Say, rather, a terrible one."
"Terrible, perhaps, to you; but do not be surprised if I say that to me it is lovely, absolutely lovely!"
And as he spoke a smile of bewitching beauty crossed his features.

"I suppose your tastes are different from those of many people, signor. I have not such feelings. But may I ask you if you are often here?"

"Oh, yes! I live here," he replied, waving his stick around. "I live here."

"I thought that he meant me to understand that his home was on the mountain, where very many villas are situated."

"And I should suppose," I continued, "that you are often on the summit."

"Oh! yes, I am here always."
"Always! What a strange fascination it has for you!"
"It has! It has!" said the gentleman, "Oh! a fearful—and his voice grew low and hollow—a terrible fascination!"
I was silent.

"I will tell you," said he, sitting closely by my side, and turning his eyes full towards me; "I do not wish you to inform any one. Promise me that you will not."

I had not noticed his eyes before, but I saw now that within their depths there gleamed a strange and sinister light.

"I promised him, and at the same time I unceasingly drew back farther from the edge."
"Well, then, signor," said he, "I am king here! I rule Mount Etna!"
"Yes!" I answered, a little alarmed at his words, and attempting to smile.

"Yes I am king here. In me you see the being who causes the lava to pour forth, and overwhelm the regions below. I have lived here for centuries. The spirits of the deep obey me; see!"

He leaped up from the ground.—There was a fearful fire in his eye, his nostrils were dilated, his pale face became as white as marble, and as bloodless, save that on either cheek there glowed a deep red spot.

"See!" he shrieked wildly and loudly; "spirits of the deep, arise! Ha!—you see—they are coming—in clouds—enrobed in thunder garments—see!"

I leaped up from the ground; I gazed at him.
He threw off his hat wildly, and it fell far down in the abyss. He flung off his coat and threw it away.

"Signor," said I, in hopes that a mild tone might make him calm, "Signor, the winds obey you. Let us go."
"Go? Where? Is not this my home? Is not this my palace? Saw you not my sentinels? You are my guest!"

"Will you not sit down and tell me about your home?" said I, shuddering.
"No! there are secrets that can never be spoken. Can you understand them? Who are you, a mortal, that you dare to ask?"

I walked slowly toward the narrow passage of land, the bridge. But he saw me, and stood upon it. I could not go.

Can this all be phantoms? I thought. An awful thought passed through me, which froze my heart's blood.

Pleasant! There he stood, my wild companion, his eyes blazing, fixed piercingly on me, his hands clenched, his mouth foaming, every sinew in his body worked up. He stood screwing, laughing. O God! I was alone with a maniac!

"You are to go with me."
"Where?"
"There. I have come to carry you to my home." He pointed with a cold snaky smile down toward the unfathomable abyss whence ascended the terrible column of inky and suffocating smoke.

I gazed at him for there was some element of fascination in his glassy stare, which forced me, compelled me, to gaze. There was a cold smile upon his lips, which were all bloodless, and disclosed, as they parted, his mouth and tightly-shut teeth.

"There is my home—there; and I have come to take you with me. Ha! how happy you will be! Come!"
Still I gazed; while my heart throbbled with slow but terrible pulsations.

He advanced one step towards me. I looked around. The spell was broken which enchained my gaze. I looked all around; at the blue sky above, at the scorched earth around, at the horrible chasm beneath. There was no hope. Oh! could I but leap the space which separated me from the main cliff! Could I but do it—but I could not! There was no hope.

"What! do you not answer?" he cried, suddenly lashed into fury by my silence, and stamping his foot in frenzy upon the rock. "Do you not answer? Then I must carry you with me!"

The maniac sprang toward me! With all my energies roused into frantic action; with every sinew braced and muscle contracted, I planted my foot backward against a small angular rock which projected above the loose, sandy soil, and endeavored to meet the shock. With a wild scream, which arose thrillingly into the air, his eyes all bloodshot, his mouth foaming, on he came. He struck me; his arms surrounded me in a fearful embrace; his hot breath came burning upon my cheek. I stood firm; for despair, and all the bitterness of death, had given no place to fear and timidity, but had bestowed upon me the coolness of one in an ordinary situation. I threw my left arm beneath his; my right I passed over his neck and around upon his back, thus seeking to press him to the earth.

It was a moment of horror, such as no mortal tongue could ever tell. A struggle with a maniac! To be on a small surface of a rock, while three thousand feet beneath lay the abyss of untold horrors! At this hour my heart beats more forcibly even as I think upon the time.

Thus we stood, breast to breast, face to face, the madman and I, he with his arms encircling me, I seeking to save myself. He pressed me toward the edge of the cliff. He plunged his feet

deep into the ground; he laughed mockingly, and screamed, as he tried to destroy me. But against that rock my feet were firmly braced, and I held him tightly, and I sought to hurl him from me. Hurl him from me! as well might the hungry tiger be hurled from his prey.

Oh! the agony of that struggle! I know not how long it was, but to me it seemed like many hours. The wild eyes of the madman glared at mine all the time, and I found it impossible to look away. His fearful face, all white, all ghastly, was upturned towards me, as he shouted in his fiendish, mocking laughter.

"O Heaven! O horror! Can this, will this endure forever!" cried I, in the agony of my fear. The maniac howled with derisive shouts. I felt that I was growing weaker. But he was a maniac; and would he grow weaker also? A thousand thoughts fled through me.

Suddenly the maniac gave one fearful plunge. It was with the strength of a giant that he seized me. He raised me from my feet. The rock, the saving rock, I had lost it—I was gone. I threw my hands high into the air, and my scream of terror ascended in unison with the maniac's mocking yell.

"Down! down! to the bottomless pit! To the home of fire and brimstone! To the endless horrors of burning lakes!" he screamed as he gave a bound toward the edge of the cliff.

Inspired by a sudden gift of superhuman strength, by a partial possession of even a mad man's power, I caught him by the throat, and even on the very edge, even when in sight of the abyss, I sprang back; I bore him back; I brought him to the ground. Falling heavily upon him, I held his throat still in a fierce grasp, while his own arms were wound tightly around my neck, and his legs around mine. I felt the hot breath from his open mouth, as my cheek lay pressed against his face; I heard them grate harshly, and drew my head violently away; as he sought to seize me with his sharp teeth.

In our frantic struggles on the ground, we rolled wildly about, and the dust from sulphur and from pumice-stone ascended around us in suffocating clouds. I was half insane. I was struggling for life. I caught up a handful of the fine choking dust, and rubbed it violently over his open mouth. It went into his nostrils and into his eyes. He jerked forward in agony. Amid the clouds of dust around, I could not see where we were. He held me by the hair as he sprang; a moment after, and a fearful force was straining there.

Another moment and I arose; while wild and high rose the shriek of the maniac, as he fell down—down! into the abyss!—Knickerbocker for August.

CALIFORNIA WONDERS.—California always was a wonderful country, but it is now getting to be more wonderful than ever. It is a land of marvels and marvelous phenomena, natural and unnatural. The papers by the last steamer told us of the discovery of a lake the waters of which were so largely possessed of the principle of buoyancy that the human body would not sink in it. Still more extraordinary is the discovery of a subterranean pass through the mountains of the Sierra Nevada.—This pass is described as beginning near the head of the Zo-Lemity Valley, and containing many internal evidences that it was once a great Indian rendezvous. Pits were discovered in it, too, in which were the ghastly remains of many a victim of savage cruelty. The adventures who explored the passage tell us they met two live Indians "tall and manly-looking."

Language cannot express the astonishment and rage that was depicted on their countenances upon beholding us, and had it been in their power, we would have been doomed to inevitable destruction. But after a while I ascertained that one of them spoke a little Spanish, and with some difficulty I made him understand that we had been directed through the mysterious passage by the Great Spirit. Then they told me in broken Spanish, that we were scarcely half way through the pass—that a little further on was an immense chasm, but that it was bridged by logs—which we found petrified—and that there were other passages that led into lakes and rivers, but without any outlet.

They said this pass was known only to their tribe and ourselves; it had been mentioned to Major S—, but had never been shown to him; that they were the great medicine men of their tribe, and were returning from a visit to the white tribe at the eastern end of the pass. They then gave us some of their torches—bid us good bye and departed. We congratulated each other on our good fortune, and continued our march in high spirits. We found the chasm a yawning abyss, into which had been thrown many a victim of savage cruelty, for at the bottom, by the aid of a torch thrown down, we discovered the bones of many human frames. We found nothing more to obstruct our passage except a few massive boulders, which we however passed, and on the morning of the fourth day we entered the village of the white Indians.

In some parts of Missouri cattle are dying in great numbers, from a disease called 'dry murrain,' caused by a want of proper grazing and water.

APPEAL TO THE COUNTRY

IN REPLY OF THE

WASHINGTON NATIONAL MONUMENT.

FELLOW COUNTRYMEN:

The Monument so nobly undertaken by a few of our patriotic countrymen, to commemorate the worth and services of the Father of the Country, having reached 184 feet, of the 5174 according to its plan, at a cost of about \$230,000, needs your prompt and zealous support to raise funds, now nearly exhausted, to carry it on after the present month of June. Unless contributions are made this great National Work must be discontinued, if the Board of Managers, who render their services gratuitously, do not incur a debt upon their own responsibility. Is their patriotism to be so taxed, or shall this work begun in patriotism be a monument of national disgrace? Surely there are a sufficient number of noble hearted patriots in the land to prevent this.

Nothing but a small contribution from all, in proportion to their means, if only from a dime to a dollar each, is wanted for the completion of the Monument.—The question is asked, will not such a contribution be made by every one?—Will the people of this great country leave to a few the honor, after long years of trial and toil, of erecting a Monument worthy of the great and good Washington; or shall it be a National Monument from the whole people? That the Monument should stop short of one third of the plan proposed, no patriotic citizen can believe!

But the time for making contributions can be no longer delayed. Let every citizen ask himself, Have I discharged my obligation towards the Father of my Country; have I contributed my share to the Monument to be raised in his honor? If not, let him at once make his contribution, however small. Let it be made singly or by associations. But be sure it be made. Delay is hazardous to the great undertaking. The payment can be made to your Postmaster, or whoever may be most convenient to you, so that the duty of an American citizen surely will aid in forwarding the money received for the advancement of the great work. Will he not render that aid now?

The Board of Managers confidently trust that this appeal will not be made in vain.

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WASHINGTON NATIONAL MONUMENT.

As Elections for Members of Congress, &c., will be held during the ensuing months in several States of the Union, the Board of Managers have deemed it their duty to request the Judges or Commissioners who may be appointed to take the ballots of the voters, to put up boxes at the different localities where elections will be held, for the purpose of receiving such contributions as the admirers of the illustrious Father of his Country may think proper to deposit in aid of the great Monument, now in course of erection in this city to his memory.

They feel assured that when this noble and patriotic purpose is presented to the people, they will not hesitate to give their mite for such an object; and it now becomes more necessary, as the funds of the society are rapidly diminishing and may not soon be adequate to carry on the work. A small contribution from each citizen or voter throughout the United States, would be sufficient to complete the Monument—a work intended to add to their glory as well as to honor the memory of the illustrious man. A half dime is but an inconsiderable sum, and yet a half dime contributed by every inhabitant of our country, would rear the grand structure, now in progress, to its destined completion. It will be pitiful, wondrous pitiful, if out of twenty-five millions of souls who inhabit this great country, rendered independent, prosperous and happy mainly by his exertions and devotion to its cause, the sum necessary to erect a Monument worthy of such a man could not be completed for the want of the small pecuniary aid which every American should feel it his pride, as well as his duty to afford.

At the last Presidential election, the plan of obtaining contributions at the Polls, (thus testing the patriotism and liberality of the voters and others) was attempted, though the previous arrangements were not such as to insure a full collection, the result was as satisfactory.

THE OLD WIFE'S KISS.

The funeral services were ended, and as the voice of prayer ceased, tears were hastily wiped off from wet cheeks, and long-drawn sighs relieved oppressed and choking sobs, as the 'mourners' prepared to 'take leave of the corpse.'

It was an old man that lay there, robed for the grave. More than three score years had whitened those locks, and furrowed that brow, and made those stiff limbs weary of life's journey, and all the more willing to lie down and rest where weariness is no more suffered, and infirmities are no longer a burden. The aged have but few to weep for them when they die. The most of those who would have mourned their loss have gone to the grave before them;—harps that would have sighed sad harmonies are shattered and gone. And the few who remain are looking on with a cold eye, rather than with a warm heart, to the opening; rather than to its closing goal; are bound to, and living in the generation rising, more than the generation departing.

Youth and beauty have many admirers while living—have many mourners when dying. Many tearful ones bend over their coffin laid, many sad hearts follow in their train. But age has few admirers, few mourners.

This was an old man, and the circle of mourners was small. Two children, who had themselves passed the middle of life, and who had children of their own to care for, and to be cared for by them. Besides these, and a few friends who had seen and visited him while sick, and possibly had known him for years, there were none others to shed a tear except his old wife. And of this small company the old wife seemed to be the only heart mourner. It is respectful for friends to be sad for a few minutes, till the service is performed, and the hearse is out of sight. It is very proper and suitable for children, who have outgrown the fervency and affection of youth, to shed tears when an aged parent says farewell, and lies down to quiet slumbers. Some regrets, some recollection of the past, some transitory grief, and the pang are over. Not always so. But often, how little true genuine heart sorrow there is!

The old wife arose with difficulty from her seat, and went to the coffin to look her last look—to take her last farewell. Through the fast falling tears she gazed long and fondly down into that pale, unconscious face. What did she see there? Others saw nothing but the rigid features of the dead; she saw more! In every wrinkle of that brow, she read the history of years. From youth to manhood, from manhood to old age; in joy and sorrow, in sickness and health—it was all there; when those children, who had now outgrown the sympathies of childhood, were infants lying on her bosom, and every year since then—there it was! To others, those dull, mute monitors were unintelligible; to her, they were the alphabet of the heart, familiar as household words!

And then the future! 'What will become of me? What shall I do now?' She did not say so; she did not say anything, but she felt it. The prospect of the old wife is clouded. The home circle is broken, never to be re-united; the visions of the hearth-stone are scattered forever. Up to that hour there was a home, to which the heart always turned with fondness. But that magic is sundered; the keystone of that sacred arch has fallen, and now home is no where this side of heaven! What shall the old wife do now? Go and live with her children—be a pensioner upon their kindness; where she may be more of a burden than a blessing, or at least she thinks? Or shall she gather up the scattered fragments of that broken arch, make them her temple and her shrine, sit down in her chill solitude beside its expiring fires and die? What shall she do now?

They gently crowded her away from the dead, and the undertaker came forward with the coffin lid in his hand. It is all right and proper—of course, it must be done; but to the heart mourner it brings a kind of shudder, a thrill of agony, as when the headman comes forward with his axe! The undertaker stood for a moment with decent propriety, not wishing to manifest a rude haste, but evidently desirous to be expeditious as possible. Just as he was about to close the coffin, the old wife turned back, and stooping down, imprinted one long, last kiss upon the cold lips of her dead husband, then staggered to her seat, buried her face in her hands, and the closing coffin, hid him from her sight forever!

That kiss! Fond token of affection.

factory as could, under the circumstances, have been expected.

It is therefore desirable that this system should be continued in the different States at all future elections of a local or general nature; and the Board of Managers indulge the hope that on this occasion at the elections to be held in the respective States of Maine, Vermont, Massachusetts, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, South Carolina, Georgia, Mississippi, Ohio, Michigan, Wisconsin, Illinois, Louisiana, and Florida, contributions will be made in aid of the Monument, worthy of the Countrymen of their illustrious benefactor.

JOHN CARROLL BRENT,
Secretary of the W. N. M. S.

LATER FROM TEXAS.—ARRIVAL OF THE PERSEVERANCE.—By the arrival of this morning of the steamer Perseverance, from Galveston, we have papers of that city to the 10th inst., and Lavaca papers to the 7th.

We find nothing in the Galveston Times respecting the fever, beyond the report of interments, but that is significant enough. On the 8th there were 14 interments, and on the 9th 15.

The Times learns that the rains on some portions of the Brazos have been incessant recently, and that many of the cotton crops on that river and Oyster creek are greatly injured by the storm.

A rencontre took place at Lavaca on the morning of the 5th, between Mr. George P. Finley, editor of the Register, and Mr. Henry Jordan, a commission merchant of Lavaca, which resulted in the death of the latter, by being shot with a double-barrel shot gun and a revolver in the hands of Mr. Finley.

On the afternoon of the same day, Mr. Vanishes, who keeps a boarding house in Lavaca, was stabbed with a large bowie knife, by Mr. A. W. O'Connell, a tailor in that place.

The San Antonio Western Texan, of the 31st ult., says there has lately been more sickness than usual in that city.

The San Antonio Ledger learns that the Indians greatly annoy the settlers in the neighborhood of Fort Mason by their depredations. 'The Ledger says there is no security for stock, and what is not driven off is killed. The settlement is not strong enough to protect itself, and unless the government affords the settlers there some protection, they will be forced to abandon their homes.'

The Gonzales Enquirer, of the 2d inst., has the following paragraphs: One of our planters, Col. Cleveland, who lives on the Guadalupe river, about four miles from this place, has in cultivation forty acres of Sea Island cotton, which is in a thriving condition, and promises as heavy a yield as any of the ordinary cotton growth in this country. It is the opinion of those who profess to be judges that it will make a bale, weighing 500 pounds, to the acre.

We learn that arrangements have been completed for the immediate erection of a steam cotton press at Indianola.

A correspondent, writing from Gonzales, Texas, on the 23d ult., says: The crops of cotton and corn in the country are large. I never saw such fine crops as there are on the Guadalupe river. The planters here have been picking cotton since about the 1st of July.

Large numbers of emigrants are moving to Peter's colony, and settling on the fine lands within its limits. A gentleman recently from Red river passed two hundred wagons in a few days' ride. These emigrants are the first to take advantage of the expiration of the law reserving lands in Peter's colony from location.

The Know Nothings have been organized in our town, Belmont. The tree will be known by its fruits. We are ahead of other counties out West. We have voted over two to one against the licensing of grog-shops, and the whole State has voted largely against the traffic.—New Orleans Picayune, 13th.

The number of emigrants arriving at New York from foreign countries, from the 1st of January to the 6th inst., is officially stated to have been 217,692, showing an excess of 22,515 over the arrivals for the corresponding period last year.